

Dear Ladies and Gentlemen,

I am glad to be able to attend your event tonight together with my wife Ellen Kositzka. It's been two years now that Obnova's Leo Maric sought exchange with us. Since then, we trace the work of your periodical from Germany.

Before I get around to some substantial insights regarding the refugee crisis and German resistance, I would like to tell you two stories.

The first story takes place in 1993. In August that year, I went to Croatia for the first time of my life, together with a comrade from the German armed forces that we both had just left as young army officers. We went here on our own, with intent to report about the war for nascent new nations in Southern Europe for a – back then – very small paper of the New Right. A Croatian officer had asked us over. We visited him in Karlovac, and at night, we went for a swim in the river beyond his backyard that marked the frontline. Shots rang out, and we fell back to the basement.

The day after, we traveled to Zadar by bus. It seemed to take forever, the shoreline was not always passable. Late at night, a military vehicle gave us a ride to the famous Maslenica bridge and afterwards dropped us somewhere in the interior. Just half an hour later, a patrol seized us and took us back to Zadar, straight to military prison. After three days, we were fined a few Deutschmarks for trespassing a restricted military area, together with the order to leave Croatia within 24 hours and to not come back for five years.

The second story takes place in 1997. I was deployed to Sarajewo as an army officer and had to take care of the Croatian enclaves, in particular Kiseljak. The winter was sloppy and grim, the people's situation was pitiful, and the arrogance of the American troops within our protection force was a disgrace. I wrote a lot about that in my first book. Part of my job was to be in talks with villagers, to find out where mass graves and mine fields were located. Excavating the graves was a grim task. The war must have been fought with extreme ferocity.

In February, my men and I got an extended weekend off to spend in Dubrovnik. I think it was the crass disparity between the destroyed, cold Sarajewo and the early breath of spring in Dubrovnik that made this vacation a blending-in of marble, chalk and sun. Since then, I have never been to Dubrovnik again, and I shy away from it. It

just can't be as beautiful and peaceful there as it was in the early spring of 1997, when I actually had not yet been allowed again to enter Croatia. But no one noticed when our jeep drove towards Dubrovnik via Neum.

What did I learn from these two journeys? The first one taught me that there is the state of emergency, a time when the jokes are over, when a nation's fate intensifies and holding the line is all that matters. Maslenica bridge was such a line, and there was no fooling around in its vicinity.

The second one taught me how in times of crisis »We« get divided from »the Others«, those »not-Us«, and how intensely this divide is stressed all of a sudden. And I understood how horrific such a war must be, and how precious a peaceful coexistence.

This brings us to the point: Basically, I suppose, the war for independence gave you something you can be proud of and build your identity onto today. It is not relevant whether this war was especially cruel or justified or successful. Croats fought for Croatia's independence, they bled and they died – and, as the French pioneer Georges Sorel teaches us, it is blood and death that spawns the myth, the great tale of the nation that keeps us from carelessly forfeiting this nation. Such tales exist in all small and larger nations of Northern, Eastern and Southeastern Europe, an example of the strange Soviet legacy. They, however, motivate these nations to defend their own, their sovereignty, their general homogeneity as well as their cultural, juridical, temperamental and ethnical distinctiveness, while the West does no longer do so.

In my case, the West means Germany, and in this large nation at the continent's heart, many things are so different from anywhere else that it sometimes seems hard to explain. The following seems decisive to me: In Germany, the people is focused on a negative myth, on the tale of unique war guilt and a unique atrocity. At the same time, Germany has an enormous economic and cultural potential. The power of German economy is obvious, I do not need to go into it; regarding cultural power, some figures may be telling: Nowhere in the world, there are more publishing houses, book stores and libraries than in Germany. Also, nowhere exist more opera houses and theatres – all over Europe, there are not more than in Germany alone, they say.

This does, however, not evoke an overt pride or the logical question, why this might

be and what should be done to preserve it. It is hard to imagine, but the cultural remarks of most playwrights, theatre directors, politicians and intellectuals are dismissive of their own people, culture and nation. The mass immigration of completely alien people, on the other hand, is seen as a fundamental gain for our culture, our economy, our civilisation, our mentality, and of course our menus. It seems like something broken has to be fixed from the outside.

This is wrong, of course, and at his heart, every German knows it. Almost nobody could say so up until now, however. The negative myth did not grant us the preference of our own over the foreign and the preservation of what is ours. Since about three years now, it has become possible to talk about the peril of destruction of our nation and all of Europe more openly. There are five reasons to this:

1. The unchecked mass immigration triggered a shock: too much, too fast, too random.
2. The »Alternative für Deutschland« or AfD has become a protest party with an enormous potential. It can capture 15, 20 or 25 percent of votes.
3. Protest movements like PEGIDA have shown that Germans are willing to take to the streets in their thousands when push comes to shove.
4. The Identitarian Movement is the activist youth sector of our sphere.
5. There is a strong network of papers, magazines, publishers and projects of the New Right. That means: there are concepts, metapolitical efforts and the opportunity to campaign.

Strategically, the situation for us as New Rightists in Germany is difficult. Media projects and metapolitical structures have been around for 20 years, but they never had to prove themselves worthy under real political conditions; they did not have much relevance, but were marginalized. They were intricate, delicate structures. Now they are suddenly exposed to public attention, via the party, via PEGIDA, via journalists searching for the theories and concepts responsible for the electoral successes, happenings and programs. That means: We have to work very thoroughly in a very short period of time, have to learn while driving at full speed and, at the same time, must be smart in political regards.

Our advantage is: We meet a emotionally and politically starving people and an arrogant leadership. It supports our cause that the establishment is conceited and

confident: The elite is blinded by its own arrogance, which buys us time and the support of the common people. Let us say, there is a strong, identitarian, New Right influence on politics coming up in Germany, maybe even a real political turn. Any elections makes us stronger, any speech, any book makes us more well-known, any arrogant reaction makes the establishment less likeable, and indeed, this establishment makes one mistake after the other.

This does not happen all by itself. Doors open up and close again. There must always be someone going through or at least stepping in. This is an important thought: In political as well as in military situations, there is the right moment, Kairos, as we call it, and you can miss it if you act too fast or too slowly. You will definitely miss it if you do not act at all.

This takes me to the third and last story. Three years ago, my whole big family was in Pakostane for holidays. We did not pick this place because it was the hometown of Ante Gotovina, who was still in Den Haag back then. But he was very present in the village anyway – in graffitis, in the tales of villagers who had worked in Germany and spoke our language fluently. We got to know much about the August of 1995, when the bells were ringing and the storm for the Krajina started. There were people eagerly talking, and others criticising Gotovina's way of leading. But all of them agreed upon this: He had been the right man in the right place at the right time. He did what needed to be done, but could also have remained undone.

The situation in Germany supports us and our success. Against us, there is the demographic decline, the awfully long time of negative tales and the still great power of the establishment. In Germany, it would not be possible to present our magazine in such a great place as Matica Hrvazka. But there is something positive even in this: The establishment shows its arrogance every single day.

What also supports us is the endurance of the East, of you, of Hungary, of Slovakia, of all those not feeling threatened by the hypermoral hybris of the German government.

This is why I want to thank you again for inviting me and for the opportunity to further our contact and exchange!